

POETRY.

and the baby took such short steps, surely she could catch him in an instant! But Robbie was so quick to snatch the change and then rushed breathlessly out. There quite up the stair—how could he have run so fast and far?—was Robbie's little brother, who had been playing with the short legs playing like drum sticks under it. Madge ran with all her strength; but the crowd jostled her, and just before she reached the street corner, with Robbie but a few steps ahead, she fell violently on the pavement. She picked herself up, regardless of pain; but the heavy bag, no longer so light as in her infancy, pressed down and down; and all vain. There were so many directions, any one of which might have helped, and oh! the crowding, the trampling feet of the hordes! Madge took from head to foot, and a wall of despair forced itself up and died on her white lips. She ran aimlessly along, trying to get away from it with some conscious effort. Some shock or off with a flying or a harsh word, others answered kindly enough, but nobody could help her. At last a newsboy met her, with a pack-strap upon his back.

"Look a here!" he said. "Was it a mighty little chap, with linky hair and a red cap?"

"Oh yes," gasped Madge.

"Well, he streaked it up there, I reckon!" with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of a broad staircase which opened on the street in advance of where they were standing.

Madge flashed one grateful glance, and went up as if on wings. There was a wailing cry, a sobbing coming from each side. She rapped at the first one. Poor Madge! the beating of her heart was almost as loud as her knock.

"Come in," said somebody's pleasant voice, and she stepped into a room. A large, airy room, with softly-tinted lights streaming through the high windows; some pictures hanging on the walls; a pile of unframed canvas with three faces turned from curious eyes; an easel, with a half-finished painting upon it; paint dishes, brushes, and crayons scattered upon the floor. But Madge had no eyes for all these.

"A tall gentleman, in an artist's blouse, held the little runaway on his knee."

"Oh, Robbie!" sobbed Madge; and she dropped on her knees, and buried her face in the little patched frock.

By and by she lifted her head, the tears streaming on her long dark lashes. Robbie's soft arms wreathed about her neck, and his dewy lips revived repentant kisses on her cheek.

"It is awful, my boy—even Madge's mother—had ever before seen how wholly beautiful he was. There was the rippling brown hair, with its wonderful golden curls, reaching on her long dark tresses, through whose transparent skin showed the delicate tracery of violet veins; the sensitive, perfect features; the fathomless look printed on his forehead; and, above all, informing and vitalizing all her face, a marvelous expression of love mingled with sorrow—the childish type of that which we fancy the face of the Madonna." It was a prophetic word, pierced through her soul.

The pair of artist eyes that looked on caught a new inspiration.

"Ah, Robbie!" sobbed Madge; with the opening of the spring exhibition a picture hung upon the wall of the Academy. It illustrated no grand theme, mythical or historical; it was not a scene of battle, managed lights and shades—only the simple, unpretending portraiture of two children.

"Oh, love and truth which the artist had revealed looked from the canvas straight through all the obscurations of years and conventionalisms down to the very heart of life. In his hand lay the sword, the gourd passed by the studied attitudes and gorgeous coloring of many another painter, to learn of this one who spoke to the heart."

One day a stranger strolled from picture to picture along the corridor—a lonely man, who, having left his native land many years ago, had in his own age found himself forgotten, and the home-world which he had left in his mind yet in the inevitable march of years.

"Oh, Robbie!" sobbed Madge; the invisible fingers out of the unreturning past were pulling at his heart-strings. He remembered the green grass, the summer meadow, picking brown seeds, through the flaming autumn woods, his little dark-eyed sister held his hand once more. Surely it was she—he same, unchanged—who smiled a good-bye through her tears so long ago.

Stronger and stronger the strange fancy grew in his imagination. It must be her face; no mere artist's imagination could paint such another.

He went away; but the picture haunted his dreams. At last, driven by an impulse, he returned to the gallery, and found the painter in his studio, and heard the slender story, which all he had to tell of his child models.

"Be quiet, Robbie, darling, Mamma's head is so much worse to-day. Sit down in your little chair, and sister will tell you a story."

"No, no! Robbie don't want a story! Robbie so hungry!"

"Be quiet, Robbie!" In all the last week of her mother's illness, her brave heart had not failed before. Even now, sat tried to smile and speak cheerfully; but something in her throat choked her, and she could only smile at her face.

There was a heavy step in the passage-way. Somebody knocked at the door.

"It's Mr. Eastman, for the rent," thought Madge; and her heart gave a wild throbb of terror.

Robbie ran to open the door.

A gentleman stood there—not Mr. Eastman, but a man with a beard and graying questions eyes.

"Are you little Madge Carriger?" he said.

"Yes," she answered wonderingly. "I am Madge, and this is Robbie. Poor mamma is very sick."

The sound of his voice aroused Mrs. Carriger, who, leaning against the sofa, saw she had lain. She raised herself upon her arm, and listened with an air of piteous perplexity, as if to some sound very rare and precious.

"Where am I?" she murmured. "I thought it was John calling home the cows from the south pasture."

For a moment she stared and came symmetrical, gasping out in great haste the thin, worn face, bright with the restless flush of fever. Their eyes met. Gradually the light of returning consciousness shone between two hearts reached, by the omnipotence of love, over all the changes of years and fortunes, and recognized their kinship.

"John!"

"Margaret!"

That was all; and for a little while there was a happy silence, broken by no words.

Not long afterwards, around the Christmas fire, a happy household gather. The mother's cheek has gained almost the bloom and roundness of its lost youth. Around the sweet persuasions of home and love, Madge and Robbie fulfill, with each year's growth, the sweet promise of their childhood.

And from the artist's wall still smiles the picture which first brought him name and fame. He will not sell it; for it marks the way of a brother's sympathy with the joy and sorrow of the world, and therefore a truer consecration to his art.

Two children, who mysteriously dis-

ROMANCE OF A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

"'Cowardly, madam!' said the poor old gentleman, somewhat disconcerted.

"'Certainly,' she replied, laughing more than ever: 'it is not so, to fear that you are a coward, as to be afraid of Mr. Briggs.' Such occurrences do not take place now."

"'Not take place,'" cried the brewer, opening his eyes: "why, on that very old gentleman's reading."

"'Oh, oh! yes, I read it myself,'" said the lady.

"'You did?'" said the old gentleman.

"'Assuredly,'" the reply: "why not?"

"'You see, then, that such things do take place, madam.'"

"'Well, well, well,'" she admitted; "but they are exceptional, sir."

"'I might prove one of the exceptions,'" said he.

"'You may, sir,'" returned the lady, with a faintly ironical smile.

"'You see, then, that there is ground for nervousness, on the part of an old man,'"

"'And that is why you were locked 'till this carriage,'" said the lady.

"'Exactly,'" he replied.

"'Oh, I comprehend,'" she continued.

"'And I am sure you are anxious at all.'"

"'You are not?'" he cried.

"'No. Why should I be so, when have you to protect me?' She smiled ironically, and the old gentleman bowed.

The conversation then turned on different subjects. Presently, December and May took a walk, and on going to find a place in the train. He must proceed, he said, at once, on business of great importance, for he was already late, having come thus far on his way to Dover by a previous train, and he was anxious to get to the station out him whilst he had been taking a tasty meal at the refreshment bar.

"'I must and will proceed,'" he said calmly, but with a look on his face, in which was plainly expressed the anxiety of the man who protested that the train was already quite full.

"'The company are bound to take me,'" said he.

"'There's no room, sir,'" said the guard.

"'We will see,'" he ejaculated, looking into the carriage, in which sat the brewer and his companion, "there is room, as yet, and I am going to take it."

"'You cannot go in there, sir,'" said the latter, in great confusion.

"'Not go in? Well, we will see,'" said he, and he took a key from his pocket, and unlocked the door of the carriage, stepping briskly in.

The guard stared in amazement.

"'What are you doing, or ejaculating to me,'" said he, "with that key?"

"'Oh, he isn't a mere director! Beg pardon, sir?'"

But there was no time for explanation, for the door was closed, and the brewer and his companion, who had found a place in the train, were already seated.

The brewer frowned, and looked cross at this fresh addition to the company. Not so the lady, who at the voice and sight of the new arrival, had started slightly pale, and then, with a passing glance at him, and recommenced the perusal of Henry Danton. As for the stranger, he took no notice of her, and, taking from the opposite seat to her, and taking from the pocket a late edition of the *Standard*, became apparently absorbed in the columns.

It may be remembered that the brewer, who had at first been seated opposite to his fair travelling companion, had latterly, for the purpose of indulging in his usual afternoon nap, changed his seat to the one next to the lady, and the first seat, then, being vacant, was appropriated by the new-comer.

On, on rushed the train, through corn fields and a knot of a steady, open pace, which prevented its rapidly from being felt. Now some open-mouthed rusts stood at a half-opened gate, staring at the train, and pulling engine as it tore along; now some covey of frightened partridges rose from the edge of the embankment, or a startled cock galloped away from the track, and the old brewer, a less monster that appeared to be approaching him. And still on, steadily on, without oscillation or curve, sped the Dover express.

The military man, or at least he who appeared to be such, was steadily regarding his opposite neighbor over the top of his newspaper, whilst apparently engaged in reading it. The stranger, on the other hand, was absorbed in the fortunes of the scoundrel-hor of her novel; and the old brewer snored audibly in the further corner of the carriage.

The face of the military-looking man expressed perplexity and doubt. He was a personage of from 50 to 60 years of age, with an upright carriage, crisp, short, curly hair, and a keen, steady, open pace, which prevented its rapidly from being felt. Now some open-mouthed rusts stood at a half-opened gate, staring at the train, and pulling engine as it tore along; now some covey of frightened partridges rose from the edge of the embankment, or a startled cock galloped away from the track, and the old brewer, a less monster that appeared to be approaching him. And still on, steadily on, without oscillation or curve, sped the Dover express.

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and stalked out of the door as silently as he came in. A third, a fourth, and all successively, each for himself, saw the impending catastrophe, and passed out without being able to do anything more than lead the store, astonished at the stolid bravery of the pale-face, the merchant followed him to the door, and hastily closed it, fastening the bolt; feeling in his faith that, approaching the keg of powder, he lifted out the candle in the same guarded manner in which he had placed it there, and felt that he was safe.

And he was saved. The daring alternative which he had chosen assured the Indians that he was no trifier, and produced the desired effect. His boldness led to a friendly arrangement of the difficulty which had estranged them from him.

Mr. Farnsworth remained among them, was married to one of their number, and at the close of his death still resided in that vicinity.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

A COGNAC-LOVING woman cat a bushel of roasted oysters for a \$10 wager.

The total valuation of property in Kentucky is \$496,753,778.

There were eleven 42,331 volumes added to the Boston Public Library this year.

A FIRM of bill-posters sold sixteen barrels of paste the day before the New York charter elections.

Out of twenty-nine divorce suits pending in Connecticut, the husbands are plaintiffs in but three.

The profits of the Baden Baden gambling bank, last year, were \$600,000, and of the Wiesbaden bank, \$650,000.

EVRY IS, in proportion to its population, the cheapest place in Massachusetts where you can get a good education. Its evaluation gives \$3,503 to each inhabitant.

A RESIDENT, of McKeesport, Pa., fell face downward into mudhole, while drunk one other day, and was smothered to death.

MR. PARAGO, the Express Manager, is building a residence in Buffalo, and nine classes of hay have been used in its construction.

RED-CEDAR hitching post, set in Plymouth, in 1770, is still serviceable, and apparently will be good for twenty years more.

The French Ambassador at St. Petersburg reports 3,000 yards of yams and one shoe at Washington about the fourth of that sum.

THERE ARE 128 monasteries in the United States, where men live under the rule of a celibacy, and carry, and 350 nunneries of various grades.

IN Westminister, Vermont, with a population of about 1,500, there are taken of newspapers, magazines, periodicals and papers, about 1,200 in number.

NINETY-SIX pounds of wild honey were taken from a single tree in Candia, N. H., a few days ago. Some of the comb was eaten.

A BARBER drowned himself at Westminster bridge, leaving a note: "I have suffered from liver complaint for forty years. Can you wonder I am not a Goddard?"

A YOUNG man in New London, Conn., is playing a game of chess with a friend in N. S. Lays, the moves being communicated by mail. They both anticipate a draw.

THE Congregational churches of Massachusetts have entered a solemn protest against the increasing profanation of the Lord's day by railroad and steamboat companies.

A SOBRIETIAN, who painted remarkably well for an amateur, showing one of his pictures to Poussin, the latter exclaimed, "This painting requires the poverty to make you a good artist."

A BROOKLYN gentleman has invented a system of language whereby conversation may be carried on by the sense of touch. He contended first deaf and dumb people could communicate. "Mute-Whisperer."

IT IS calculated that there are on an average 150,000 strangers in Paris, and that they spend 2,000,000 francs per day.

THE number of sailors on the Pacific coast, in 1871, it appears a very respectable amount, it is estimated that there are in the shops and warehouses of San Francisco.

SIX daughters of St. Crispian have now twenty-four lodges in this country, fourteen being located in Massachusetts.

THE largest lodge is at Rochester, with about 1,000 members. There are also 1,000 members, although 1,600 or 1,800 would be engaged in manufacturing shops here.

IT IS announced that three persevering prospectors from California and one from Australia, have discovered gold in Lapland.

In the spring a nugget weighing ten ounces and remarkably pure was picked up, and during the summer sixty more of similar size were obtained.

IN THE Thirteenth District of the Twenty-first Ward of New York city, Elizabeth Cady Stanton received one vote for City Assessor, John P. Doolittle for Alderman, Anna Dickinson one for Assistant Police Justice, Lucy Stone one for Civil Court Judge, Mrs. Olympia Brown one for School Trustee.

IT IS stated that the number of Chinese brought to California is 138,000. Of these 10,426 have died, 57,323 have returned to China, and 60,251 on the Pacific coast, and only 41,000 in California. Of those returned 10,000, 9,300 are women, children, old and decrepit, or criminals confined in the penitentiaries. There remain 57,900 active men, engaged in all pursuits.

A CURIOUS case of loss of speech occurred recently in Badweils, Moldavia. A young man dreamed that he was attacked by a murderer. He tried to cry out for help, but when his voice failed him, and when he awoke he found that he could not utter a word. He was treated by Dr. Prouty, Alford, for treatment, and has there fortunately recovered his speech.

IN a charge of assault brought by Mr. Aurelin Scholl against Count du Buisson, the defendant pleaded guilty. During the trial, however, a knife he carried about him was poisoned. The Count said he did not know, but would see, and thereupon stabbed the Count in the chest. Prouty, Alford, told what he believed to be the truth, and the wound being nearly two inches in depth. The President rebuked Mr. du Buisson for this move, and ordered him to resign himself, and characterized the act as unnecessary and improper.

THE United States Army had in use, on the 1st day of July last, 9,581 horses, 18,000 mules, and 1,000 pack animals. During the preceding year 2,568 horses and 726 mules had been lost or stolen, and 1,427 mules had been purchased 3,353 horses, at an average cost of \$129.75, and 2,502 mules at \$136.96.

THE yearly consumption of forage was valued at \$1,000,000. It consisted of 100,000 tons of hay, 10,000 tons of straw.

THIS astounding concatenation of relationships was a Thanksgiving dinner at the residence of a prominent family in New York. Fathers, five mothers, five fathers-in-law, two mothers-in-law, one grandfather, two grandmothers, one great-grandfather, three great-grandmothers, one step-father, five mothers, five fathers-in-law, one step-daughter, three uncles, seven aunts, three great-aunts, three nephews, five nieces, four great-nephews, one great-grandson, one great-granddaughter, and one great-grandchild.

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